

## I Won't Forget You...(Revised)

by Abra Malfoy

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Summary: This one has paragraphs! I suggest reading the other one's summary then reading this one and reviewing.

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Note: I do not own any of the Harry Potter characters, they belong to J.K. Rowling. Don't sue me, enough said.

I Won't Forget You...

Harry Potter was in his last year of Hogwarts; his 7th year. As he walked down the corridors to the Gryffindor common room with Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger, he was thinking. Wow...he thought. I've been at Hogwarts so long, and tomorrow's graduation. All these people, I might never see them again. I'll miss this place, I'll miss the teachers, I'll miss everyone. Er...except for Malfoy and Snape... Hermione looked at Harry and Ron. Harry and Ron...they've been my best friends ever since the first year. Even though we've been in fights, especially Ron and I, we're still best friends. And Harry...maybe he's more than a friend to me. Ron, on the other hand, was thinking about Parvati Patil. Maybe she'll finally ask me out tomorrow! He grinned. The three reached the entrance to the Gryffindor common room, the picture of the Fat Lady. "Password?" she asked. "Pickled newt," the friends replied in unison and stepped into the common room. Harry yawned and said, "Well I'm pretty tired. I'm going to bed." Ron said, "I'll come, too," and followed Harry up the stairs and into the boys room, and soon they both went to sleep. The next morning, Harry awoke to Ron standing over him. "Harry," said Ron. "You're finally up. Get ready! This is our last day here!" Harry got up and got dressed. Hermione met up with the boys in the common room and the trio traveled to the Great Hall to get to the graduation ceremony. The great hall was wonderfully decorated. There were streamers that fell endlessly from the magically enhanced blue-sky ceiling and disappeared as soon as they hit the ground. The tables had beautiful dinnerware and goblets covering them, sure to be covered with food as soon as the ceremony started.

The Great Hall had been decorated a day before by Albus Dumbledore. Unfortunately, Dumbledore wasn't there the day of the graduation; he was off in London doing important work for the Ministry of Magic.

Minerva McGonagall stepped up in front of all the 7th years, and the hall quieted. She began to open her mouth to start a speech, when a small deep red flame burst out in a corner. Some students who saw it looked over curiously, thinking it was just a celebration effect. Professor McGonagall noticed the flame, and the rest of the students followed her gaze. Everyone's curious eyes were on the flame. Their curiosity soon changed to fear as the flame rose up and took the form of a man. Everyone in the Great Hall's eyes widened in terror. The small deep red flame had taken the shape of the most feared Dark wizard of all time: Voldemort. Minerva McGonagall panicked, one of the rarest things she had done in her time teaching at Hogwarts.

"OUT! RUN!" she ordered, although half the students had already run in fear. The Great Hall was very soon entirely empty - the remaining were Harry, Hermione, Ron, and McGonagall. "Potter, Granger, Weasley! Get out! Potter! OUT!" she screamed. Harry was still staring at the form of Voldemort as he said, "No. I can't. I HAVE to defeat him...NOW."

Hermione and Ron stood by Harry's side. Hermione looked at McGonagall. She called out to her, "Professor, I have to stay with Harry. I can't leave him alone." Ron said, "Harry's my best friend. I'm with him until death."

Professor McGonagall was about to object when a green ray that looked somewhat like lightning shot from Voldemort at McGonagall. McGonagall then hurried out of the Great Hall, leaving Harry, Hermione, and Ron to face their greatest fear.

Voldemort then spoke. His voice was high and raspy, like a snake. He said in a cold voice, "Very touching speeches. Very touching. 'I'm with him until death'." Voldemort laughed. A high, chilling laugh of pure evil. He continued. "Oh, ickle Potter, I remember that day 16 years ago when you sent me away; reduced me to almost nothing. Everyone thought I was gone, dead. But no. I am very much alive. Too bad I have to kill you, Potter. And it's quite a pity that your foolish friends here chose to die with you. You will all die today, just like your parents. Your foolish parents." He laughed that evil laugh again.

Harry stared at Voldemort, hatred blazing in his eyes. He could feel the scar on his forehead burning. "Voldemort," he yelled out. "You won't kill me. And you certainly will not hurt my friends!"

"I won't hurt your friends?" sneered Voldemort. "I'm sorry, dear boy, but that just won't do!" With that, Voldemort whipped out his wand, yelled something, and twin beams shot at Hermione and Ron. Hermione and Ron screamed, and dropped to the ground. "HERMIONE! RON! NO!" Harry screamed. He could feel tears stinging in his eyes. He ran to his fallen friends. They were breathing. Harry turned to face the evil that was Voldemort.

"You beast!" Harry yelled in pure hatred. "Look what you've done to my friends!" Voldemort smirked. "Oh, how sad. What a shame!" Harry glared at Voldemort. Suddenly, he heard voices from behind him.

Hermione and Ron were alive! "Harry," said Hermione. "You can't do this! He's too powerful!"

"No," Harry said. "I have to." Suddenly he heard Ron yell, "HARRY! WATCH OUT!" Harry whipped around to see a flash of light coming toward him. It struck him in the chest. Pain enveloped him as he sunk to his knees. He heard Voldemort's laughter. Voldemort screeched, "You stupid boy! See?! You are dying at my hands, just like your parents! Your stupid, foolish parents!"

Harry was filled with rage. Though he was dying, his vision blurring, he was able to call out a spell. The most powerful spell he had ever known. His scar burned. He pointed his wand toward the creature he hated so much and called out the spell. A ray of white light hit Voldemort, and he fell to the ground screaming. Voldemort sank to his knees, fell over, and died.

"He's dead," whispered Ron. But this moment of triumph was broken. Harry was lying on the ground, close to death. Hermione and Ron ran to his side. "Harry!," said Hermione. "I did it," whispered Harry as he shut his eyes. "Harry, wait!" yelled Ron. Harry looked up at his friends and smiled. "Bye, guys...I...won't...forget you..."

"Harry! HARRY!" screamed Hermione. "HARRY! DON'T GO, HARRY!" She looked at Ron, who was looking down at his best friend with tears in his eyes. Hermione let out a great sob and cried into Harry's chest. The boy who had defeated the most feared Dark wizard, the boy who lived, was dead.

Author's Note: Sad story, huh? I will be writing a sequel. Please review my story!

End  
file.